

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XVIII. MAY IS PROMISED A TITLE.

THE two girls did not meet again till evening, and Katherine was then so gentle that May could scarcely believe she had not dreamed all the scene which had happened in the morning. Katherine and Christopher seemed exceedingly good friends, Mr. Lee looking feverishly happy, and Katherine pensive, with a tenderness of manner which was wont to be shed about her freely in her most fascinating moods. May devoted herself to Mrs. Lee, that lady showing a sense of comfort from her sympathy, which was touching to the young champion of a motherly heart. The evening was tedious, and May was thinking that she must request Lady Archbold to send her home to Monasterlea; but at bedtime Katherine came to her in her room.

"I have come to ask pardon for my rudeness of the morning," she said. "You must not believe a word I said. It was only one of my freaks. Now don't think of going, or I shall say you cannot forgive. I am an insulting wretch when my temper gets the better of me."

And Katherine sighed, and looked splendidly regretful.

"Never mind me," said May; "what about Mr. Lee?"

"I told you not to believe anything I said to-day. You may safely trust Christopher and his happiness to myself."

May looked up out of the trunk which she had been persistently packing. Katherine met the questioning eyes, and there

was a reservation in her tone which conveyed more than the words might imply. May tossed back a dress into her wardrobe.

"Oh, if you are in earnest now," she said, "I will do anything you like. But how am I to know when you are in earnest?"

Katherine turned aside and smiled curiously. Might she not as well let this little fool go home? She had a serene contempt for her, but could understand that some people might like her for her innocence.

"Believe that I am in earnest when I tell you so," she said. "Never believe me when I am in a passion."

"So now it is Paul Finiston who must suffer," said May. "But is he really coming home, and does he love you? Or was that a story too?"

Katherine shrugged her shoulders and looked mysterious.

"We cannot help these things happening," she said. "Don't you think that it is likely to be true?"

May surveyed the beauty ruefully, and acknowledged to herself that it was likely to be true. Katherine watched the changes of her face for some moments with interest, and then began to talk quickly in her most lively manner.

"Come, let us be comfortable," she said. "Shut up the trunks, and don't look at them for another month. We are going to have visitors, and I intend that you shall charm them. You must not be offended if I give you some lessons on your appearance. You must know that your style of dressing makes a fright of you. Now don't look dismayed, for we will change all that. Women ought to take a pleasure in making themselves attractive. Your hair in a better style, and a little pearl-powder upon your

face; you blush too much, and a bright colour is very vulgar. But you must not think that I mean to discourage you. On the contrary, I will turn you out quite pretty if you will let me. Only put yourself in my hands, and I promise you shall have a title before a year is past."

May listened in silence, glowing with the condemned blush, at the sudden revelation that she had been found so unpleasing. The startling promise with which Katherine finished her speech had not the desired effect in elating her spirits.

"But I do not want a title," she said, slowly, "and—and——" She was well aware that Katherine was a skilful artist of the toilet. "I like a clean face, and I intend always to have one. If I am ugly as God made me, then I choose to remain ugly."

"Who said you were ugly? Not I, I am sure. But you are an obstinate, old-fashioned little goody, and I don't mind telling you so to your face. The world has gone round a few times since your respected Aunt Martha learned those very prim notions which she has so faithfully handed down to you: what in her day was propriety is now mere affectation. However, promise that you will stay with me, and I shall see about your conversion at my leisure."

"I don't mind staying," said May, "since you wish it so much. But I mean to keep to my own way of thinking all the time."

So Katherine had her way; but her plan was nevertheless not to be fulfilled.

The next morning May was up early and abroad among the flower-gardens. She had got a letter from home which should have been given to her last night. Aunt Martha bade her return without delay. "Paul has arrived," wrote the old lady, "and he wants to see you. At any rate, it is time for you to come home."

May was not so much astonished at the news as she would have been but for that unpleasant conversation with Miss Archbold. So he was already come to seek Katherine, and Katherine, if she had truth in her, ought to be wed to Mr. Lee within a month. What could be done for Paul; the good-natured boy who had been so kind to her in Dublin? The Paul described by Katherine had passed away from her mind; becoming but one of the crowd of those fine lovers of Miss Archbold, of whom May had been hearing much since she had come to Camlough. It was for

the friend of her own memory that she was sorely vexed.

Rambling in an alley, among all the dewy rose-trees, she came upon Mr. Lee. He seemed as wretched this morning as he had looked happy last night. He was pale and worn, and his dress was out of order.

"You look as if you had been up all night!" said May.

"I have been up all night," said Christopher, "but I shall now go and dress, so as to appear as if I had had my sleep like other people."

"But what is the matter with you now? You know that you are going to be happy. I was about to congratulate you, but your face does not invite me."

"You are a true-hearted girl, and may the world never spoil you! I believe that I have made one friend here at least."

"That is true, if you mean me," said May, kindly. "I would do anything in my power to help you out of your difficulty. But I have reason to believe that you will be happy before long. Indeed, I speak the truth. I wonder if I ought to tell you——"

"You ought to tell me everything—I have a right to know!" cried Christopher, eagerly.

"Well, then, she admitted to me last night that she intended——"

"Intended what?" interrupted Christopher. "Intended to destroy me—to spoil all my life? I saw it long ago, though I strove to shut my eyes to it. It is coming upon me now, and I deserve it."

"Why do you interrupt me?" said May, impatient in her turn. "I had good news to give you, and it seems you will not have it."

"Forgive me! But did you say good news? My head seems confused. Did you mean to say good news?"

"I understood from her," said May, "that she intends to be your wife."

"Did you?" said Christopher, joyfully. "God bless you; you are a staunch friend. What a wretch I was to doubt her! What an evil-thinking coward! No doubt she has a right to be capricious if she pleases. A girl like that does not readily throw herself away; but when once she makes up her mind she is true as steel. I will not say what thoughts were in my mind when I met you; but think what a ruined creature I behold myself, both in heart and in fortune, in my whole life's career, when the devil gets into my head and makes me fancy she may be false! I deserve to suffer well for

letting a doubt come near my mind. You will forgive me my disorder, and I will go and trim myself. After the night I have passed I must appear like a savage."

"And you will tell me of your happiness when it is fully secured?" said May, as they parted; and she watched him stride away, big and glad, towards the house. Your six-foot men have not always giant intellects, but they often carry very tender hearts.

May did not tell Katherine the chief news of her aunt's letter. She could not speak again to Miss Archbold about Paul; she only made known her aunt's wish that she should go home, and after no little difficulty she was suffered to depart.

How small and simple her home looked after Camlough, and how wholesome Aunt Martha, in her clear-starched kerchief and fair white cap! Paul was coming in the evening. He had taken up his quarters in a farmer's house a couple of miles away. As May took off her bonnet at her own little dressing-table, she saw her face looking charmingly brightened up. In spite of Katherine's judgment, she was not quite a fright. What a glorious thing was joy which could thus burnish people's looks! She dared not look long enough to assure herself that beauty had actually taken possession of her face. Katherine had told her that it was all mock-modesty for a young woman not to think of her appearance. But Katherine lived in the world. Fine ladies had, perhaps, little time for self-respect, but people who were not fashionable had a great deal of leisure to perceive when they were going wrong.

So May bustled about her room, briskly putting herself and the chamber into the order which her fancy approved of. She was wiser than she had been a month ago, inasmuch as she had got a lesson in coquetry for life; she was now going to profit by the lesson. A month ago she would innocently have dressed in her prettiest to meet Paul, without thinking why she did it, or that she ought not to do it. Now, it could not be done without taking away her ease. This was not Camlough, so she need not change her dress because it was evening. She kept on the thick white "wrapper," which had been fresh at breakfast-time that morning; a crimson rose was already fastened in the bosom, and that might stay. Nice braids of hair were nothing unusual, and there could not be any vanity in a pair of newly-washed hands. And so she took her way to the parlour, as on the

most ordinary occasions, such as the long, silent, uneventful summer evenings of last year; as if no sound were going to disturb the mute monotony of the hours but the click of her aunt's knitting-needles, the ticking of the clock, the distant piping of some cow-boy in the valley, the wail of a sleepy plover shuddering in at the open window, or the sound of her own voice reading a chapter of Thomas à Kempis aloud to Miss Martha in the dusk.

A great glare had flashed over the hills, and down the paths, and through the open door into the hall. As May reached the door, a long shadow and a quick step came out of the blinding red glow, and stopped at the threshold. Here then, of course, was the visitor arrived: but not the lad whom May remembered. This was not May's merry friend. But it was Katherine's handsome lover, without a doubt.

"Mr. Finiston!" said May, giving her hand. She could not say "Paul" to this important-looking gentleman.

"Miss Mournie!" said Paul, uncovering his curls. He could not say "May" to this dignified-looking maiden. But he held the proffered hand as tightly as if he had got at last what he had been in want of all his life. And May was regarding him with sympathetic curiosity, wondering if he had heard as yet the report of Katherine's approaching marriage: and if so, how he was bearing it. Miss Martha stepped out of the parlour, where she had been setting forth her dainties on the tea-table.

"So you have been walking over your property all day," said she to Paul. "May, you go in and pour out the tea. I have had to do it for myself during the past three weeks. I have just got her home, and I intend to make her work. She has been living like a fine lady among the magnates of the land."

Paul thought she looked a fine lady in the finest sense of the word; excellently fit for household work like the present, as her quick hand flitted about the board, and her sweet face smiled at him and dimpled above the tea-pot. It was nectar and not tea which she handed him in a cup. She had a love-philter in her cream-ewer, this witch-maid of the mountains. Paul had, until now, held three images in his mind, now they faded away and became faint for evermore. A little grey pelisse making purchases in Dublin; a maiden with outstretched hands upon a bridge; a gracious young gentlewoman holding parley with a pedlar. These three young people had

been, successively, his loves; now let them vanish, for their day had gone past. They could not bear comparison with this radiant tea-making creature, who could not hide her gladness that her friend had come home.

Not a word was spoken about the miser of Tobereevil. Paul shirked the subject, and the evening was given up to his own adventures abroad. The three friends sat all through the sunset, and far into the dusk, while Paul poured forth his recitals, and the audience drank in every word he spoke. The little parlour with its queer fittings seemed paradise to this love-sick and home-sick wanderer. May sat opposite to him on a bench along the window. Two huge jars filled with roses and sheaves of lavender stood between them, making a bank of scent and colour across which their eyes and words travelled. Miss Martha sat in her straight-backed arm-chair before the two, with her hands folded in her lap, no knitting being tolerable on this particular evening. The window was open, to the utmost folding back of its latticed panes, and the climbing roses were dipping over the strong brown framework, and lying along the lintel. As Paul told his foreign adventures, he felt himself to be only some lucky Othello, or less savage Feramorz. He forgot that he was a Finiston, and the heir of Tobereevil. May's eyes glowed towards him through the fading light, and he saw in her an embodiment of all the fair hopes that had withdrawn him from the influence of his dreads and difficulties, that he might sit here at this hour in delicious peace at her side. He saw in her here present all the beauties with which his fancy had ever gifted her in absence; besides a tender paleness of cheek when thrilled by grave interest, and a spiritual abstraction of the eyes at times, out of which he gathered for himself the assurance that she could search far with him into whatever mysteries might trouble him. And yet—he delighted to discover—he could call back the merry smiles and the laughter-loving dimples.

All these satisfactions he did not note on the moment, while he lingered in the dim atmosphere of the parlour among the cloisters; but they were duly recalled and gloated over as he walked home to his farm-house under the moonlight. While sitting by her side, within reach of her hand and the sympathy of her face, he could not analyse the charm which had so

swiftly mastered his fancy; her presence, then, had been only the nearness of a lovely and luminous soul and body, full of kindred warmth and dreams. It was after he had left her that he remembered the strong breadth of her brow with all its girlish fairness, the deep fire in her eyes, the sweet curves of her mouth, the tender firmness of her softly-moulded chin. It was then that she seemed to show herself to him in the many changeful attitudes that her character could assume, without losing a line of strength or a curve of grace. On that warm July night Paul was deeply dipped in love. He had been parched in his exile, and he had brought himself to drink; but he was only the more athirst after this first spicy draught.

Miss Martha and May had walked a little way with him through the field-paths towards the moor. The twilight blurred and blended the ghostly outlines of the ruins, and garden and graveyard were wreathed together in one gleaming, fragrant acre. The warm wind swept over the uncut grass, which had already the breath of hay, and the river glinted in the hollow, under its bending rows of trees. The moonlight hung like a faint silvery veil along the moorland, and the lights in distant farm-houses shone like will-o'-the-wisps in a marsh. The weird watch-note of some sleepless wild-bird came floating up at intervals from the meadows. The sweet, mild summer beat in every pulse of the night.

Very slowly, and with few words, the three friends had sauntered along. At the gate that parted the farm-lands from the open hills they touched hands, and said good-night.

"Well, my dear, and what do you think of him?" asked Aunt Martha, as the women returned homeward.

May did not answer for a few moments. She was pacing a little in advance, with her arms crossed on her breast, a trick she had from childhood when in musing humour. Two or three times her feet fell on the grass as if to the rhythm of some music that was solemn, but passing sweet.

"Eh, Aunty?" she said at last. "Did you speak to me?"

"I was asking you what you thought of him, my dear."

"Don't ask me to-night, then," said May, stopping suddenly, putting her hands on her aunt's shoulders, and looking frankly and smilingly in her face; "moonlight makes people mad, you know, and I might

be too enthusiastic. To-morrow we shall see him better as he is."

"Well, well, my love!" said Miss Martha, "I am not going to bother you. Let us now get into bed."

But as May went into her bedroom she thought of Katherine. And she remembered that for some hours she had forgotten to pity Paul.

FEATHERS AND IRON.

I AM on the sunny side of fifty-five; not that the fact is of the slightest importance to any one but myself and my friends; but I mention it to show how comparatively young a man may be, who remembers things that to those who have not yet arrived at middle age might seem to reach into a remote antiquity. I remember old London Bridge. I remember shooting the particularly dangerous arch in a wherry. I remember the Thames watermen, with their badges and their quaint mediæval costume. I remember when there was neither a cab nor an omnibus plying for hire in the streets of London, and when the lumbering old vehicles called hackney-coaches, with two horses, did heavily and expensively the duty now performed lightly and cheaply by the hansom. I remember the wretched old watchmen, or "Charlies," who crawled along the streets at night from twilight until dawn, and called out the hour and the state of the weather and the moon, and who when off their beats took refuge in crazy old sentry-boxes, set up for their use by the parishes that employed them, and which it was the especial glory and pleasure of the fast young men of the day to over-set and carry off. I remember the time when flint, steel, and tinder-box afforded the only available means of procuring a light or a fire, unless by borrowing from a fire or a light already kindled. I remember the first feeble attempt at the lucifer-match, when the match, instead of being drawn over a rough surface to be ignited, had to be dipped into a little bottle or phial, which you kept in your waistcoat-pocket. I remember when snuffers were indispensable to the burning of candles, when women wore pattens in bad weather, and goloshes were things unknown, and india-rubber, of which they are now made, was only used for rubbing out pencil-marks from paper. I remember the crowds that used to collect every day at

noon in Fleet-street, to see the wooden giants on the tower of old St. Dunstan's church strike the hour with their clubs. I remember when Trafalgar-square and its sculptural atrocities had no existence, and when the King's Mews stood on the site of the National Gallery. I remember when members of the Houses of Lords and Commons did not think it beneath their dignity to fight duels, and when the late John Black of the late Morning Chronicle challenged the still living Mr. Roebuck to settle, or attempt to settle, a personal quarrel, arising out of a political discussion, by the same illogical method. I remember when the rate of postage varied according to distance, and when a letter to the Land's End or John o' Groat's House was charged two shillings or half a crown for conveyance; and when people well to do in the world, rather than pay such a rate, gave themselves a vast deal of trouble to hunt up members of parliament to badger or coax them out of their signatures, which, written on the corner of letters, franked the documents to any part of the British Isles. I remember when the only pen that man, woman, or child could write with was the goose-quill, or the more delicate wing feathers of the crow; when pen-mending was an art and an accomplishment that employed much time, and needed much patience on the part of the inexpert or the hasty. I need scarcely add that I remember the old mail-coaches, with their jaunty red-coated drivers and guards clad in the royal livery, and their gallant, almost triumphant departure every evening from Lombard-street and St. Martin's-le-Grand, in days when railways, though spoken of and recommended by the far-seeing few, were condemned by the short-seeing many as very dangerous experiments, and when the agency of electricity for the conveyance of messages was utterly unsuspected, except by a poet or a stray visionary or two. As for the old semaphore, that worked its ungainly arms on the top of the ugly old Admiralty at Whitehall, to signal its fellow at Greenwich, it seems but yesterday that, its vocation being gone, it was removed from its airy eminence, perhaps to be preserved as a relic of the past, or more probably to be chopped up for firewood.

The men to whom the world is indebted for inland and ocean telegraphy and for the penny post, still live, and long may they flourish to receive the gratitude of their countrymen! He to whom we owe the apparently little, but in reality great, boon

of the steel pen, without the aid of which Rowland Hill's immense social reformation—the penny post—would have been restricted and comparatively valueless, has just passed away, having attained the allotted span of seventy years, which few are permitted to overpass. Joseph Gillott, of Birmingham, whose pens are known all over the civilised world, died early in the year, at the age of seventy-two, in the possession of a handsome fortune, which he had accumulated in his business, and leaving behind him the reputation, not only of a kindly and upright man, but of the pioneer of a great manufacture and of an intelligent patron of art.

Joseph Gillott did not invent the steel pen, any more than James Watt invented the steam-engine, or George Stephenson the railway. He only did, in his own peculiar way, what those illustrious men had done before him; he perfected that which he found already in existence, but inchoate and inoperative, and rendered available and cheap that which before his time was either unavailable or costly. The steel or iron pen is as old as history, and, under its classic name of *stylus*, was the medium of introducing into modern language that which we call the style or manner of a writer. Not only iron and steel, but gold and silver pens were manufactured for the dainty before the days of Gillott. But all of these were expensive articles. Gillott was employed as a grinder in the manufacture of steel pens, which were made by hand, and sold at the rate of about three shillings and sixpence each. The correspondence of the world—its business, its loves, its friendships, and its quarrels—were all carried on by the aid of the quill, called by the Germans *feder*, by the French *plume*, and by ourselves *pen*, from the Latin *penna*, a feather, so that the people of these great nations, unaware of the solecism, inaccurately and habitually speak of steel feathers, whenever they mention those little implements for the transmission of thought which the people of this latter half of the nineteenth century are compelled to use. If no substitute for a goose-quill had been discovered, it is evident that the world could not have maintained a tithe of its present correspondence, unless geese and other fowls had been bred in extraordinary numbers for the pluckage of their wings. Twenty years ago Mr. Gillott employed six hundred girls and young women, besides machinists, in his manu-

factory—the number which he since employed, the writer cannot undertake to specify—and produced between one hundred and fifty and two hundred millions of steel pens annually. It would be an interesting little sum in arithmetic, to calculate how many geese would have to be reared, and fed, and afterwards robbed, for the supply of such a vast consumption of quills as is represented by Mr. Gillott's figures. When he first began to manufacture steel pens, he had great and manifold difficulties to contend with. People did not approve of steel pens, and would not write with them. Social conservatives, such as bankers, great merchants, lawyers, authors, and others, would not admit them into their offices or studies, looking upon them with as much distrust, surprise, and aversion as the domestic servants and paupers of the present day look upon that wholesome Australian beef and mutton which they have not learned to appreciate. So great and long-continued in certain quarters was the prejudice entertained against steel pens, that it is recorded of a late master in one of the Superior Courts at Westminster, so recently as eight years ago, that he took so much to heart the introduction of the objectionable article, in lieu of the quill, into the sacred precincts of the Queen's Bench, that he became firmly convinced of the approaching and inevitable downfall of British liberty and the British nation—which he thought he could distinctly trace to this daring and sacrilegious innovation. The worthy man—like the love-sick lady in the ballad—is said to have drooped his head and died, in consequence of this cruel blow, which was aggravated, to his sensitive mind, by the fact that his lordship on the bench, not only actually used the pernicious implement, but publicly declared it to be an improvement upon the time-honoured feather of the goose! This blow was too hard to bear, and the good man never entirely got over it.

But the unreasonable prejudices of the public, which at this early period of his career were still more formidable, did not discourage Mr. Gillott. After awhile, though in a small way, he introduced the agency of steam into the manufacture, by which he was speedily enabled to supply a much cheaper and an infinitely better article. After a very few years he began to accumulate wealth, and it was reported of him that he was fearful of opening a banking account, lest the fame of his earn-

ings should attract rivals into the business, but kept his sovereigns in earthen jars—as if they were pickles—or sewed them into old stockings, or into the mattress of his bed. By degrees, however, the demand for steel pens increased so much that he was unable to supply it, although he largely extended his factories and the number of his work-people. The secret of his wealth and its sources could be preserved no longer, and rivalry and improvement went hand in hand, until the steel pens of Birmingham became known and approved all over the world. By the time that the penny post came into operation in Great Britain, and afterwards in other countries, the steel pen was ready for the millions of people who had scarcely ever written letters before, and who could not have profited by the beneficent boon if the goose and the crow had continued to be their only providers.

A visit to Mr. Gillott's or any other great pen factory in the "toy-shop of the world" (for "toy" in the trade phraseology of Birmingham is a word that designates not only pens, but pins, needles, buckles, corkscrews, nails, hammers, and every conceivable tool that can be manufactured of metal), is one of the things which every traveller who comes to England from a far country must "do," just as he "does" Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Windsor Castle, or the Trosachs. The sight is exceedingly interesting, and includes a far greater variety of processes than a spectator, previously uninformed, might imagine. From the unrolling of the finely tempered sheets of steel, not thicker than cardboard—from which the first rude body of the future pen is pierced by the delicate but all-powerful agency of steam—to the several processes of curving, slitting the nib, polishing, drying, and packing, the little implement undergoes a long series of manipulations and transformations. Men are only employed in the care of the engines and the reparation of the necessary machines by which the several results are obtained. All the rest of the work is performed by women, whose deft fingers are better suited than those of men for the dainty operations required. The work is light—pleasant in itself—and unlike the labour employed in the manufacture of artificial flowers and grasses, and many others where women and children are employed, involves no detriment or even danger to the health, while the wages are much higher than can be obtained by needle-work, or other forlorn occupations to which

unskilled workers of the softer sex are compelled to resort to earn a bare subsistence. The pen-makers as a rule are well paid, and when out in the streets of Birmingham in their holiday costumes on Sundays or other days of leisure, present not alone a highly respectable, but so gay and showy an appearance, as to prove that the prosperity of Birmingham must react very considerably on that of Coventry, Manchester, Derby, and Paisley, and all others that grow rich by providing finery for the ladies.

The quantity of steel pens annually turned out of the factories of Birmingham, judged by the number produced by the one firm of Gillott and Company, cannot fall far short of a thousand millions. The actual business of the world in buying and selling, and keeping accounts, employs, it must be supposed, about three-fourths of them—leaving some two hundred and fifty millions, or thereabouts, for love and idleness, for friendship, acquaintance, and politeness, and last, not least, for literature. What becomes of them all when they are worn out?—for the steel pen is too cheap to be worth mending. The same question has been asked about pins and needles, and can only receive the one reply: that like the men and women who make and use them, they return, when they have served their purpose, to the earth from which they came; and out of which nothing can be taken without ultimate restoration.

ECHO VERSES.

MUCH ingenuity has been shown by rhymesters—some of them not merely poetasters, but real poets in their hours of merry relaxation—in the construction of what are designated Echo Verses. These are lines in which the last word is given as a question, and the answer to it is the same word repeated as an echo; or there may be a group of words so treated, instead of a single word; or the echo may be a sort of corroboration instead of a direct answer to a question; or it may involve a kind of verbal pun, such as those much used in the construction of conundrums. Some languages lend themselves more readily than others to this kind of inventive pleasantry, but examples are to be met with in most European tongues.

There is an old Latin echo verse, rather solemn than humorous in its character, in

which *mora* is echoed by *ora*, *flendo* by *endo*, *spero* by *ero*, and *solamen* by *amen*. If skilfully constructed, such verses read agreeably enough; the echo is really an echo or repetition of the ending of the previous word, and not a copy of the entire word; it is at once a better echo and a better rhyme. In most instances, however, the rhymester shuns any very rigid rules of construction. Erasmus wrote a dialogue in which the nymph Echo was a good linguist; she gave her echoing answers in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, according as the exigencies of the rhyme best suited her purpose.

The sixteenth century produced many specimens, some written by court flatterers, some by men whose names will not die. In one of the masques represented before Queen Elizabeth during her numerous progresses, Master Gascoigne holds a conversation with Echo, in which the illustrious sovereign is flattered in a way quite customary in those days:

"Well, Echo, tell me yet,
How might I come to see
This comely queen of whom we talk?
Oh, were she now by thee!"
(Echo) "By thee."

"By me, oh, were that true,
Then might I see her face;
How might I know her from the rest,
Or judge her by her grace?"
"Her grace."

"Well, then, if so mine eyes
Be such as they have been,
Methinks I see among them all
This same should be the queen."
"The queen!"

Ben Jonson, about the same time, or somewhat later, made use of the machinery of the echo verse in his *Cynthia's Revels*, much more gracefully than the poet of the above effusion:

"Where may I direct my speech that thou may'st hear?"

"Here!"

"So nigh?"

"Aye!"

"Nay, but hear——"

"But here!"

"Jove calls thee hence, and his will brooks no stay."

"O, stay!"

"Know you from whom you fly, or whence?"

"Hence!"

"Make not so fast away."

"Away!"

Early in the seventeenth century some echo verses were published in Italian, under the title of *Echo in Versi pari*: *Cosa molto bella e sententiosa*. The construction is rather singular. There are forty-nine couplets, or pairs of lines, and the echo rhymes with the last word or syllable of

the second line of each couplet, so as to produce repetitions or reverberations, such as the following: *esempio—empio*; *amori—mori*; *mio—io*; *clamore—amore*; *dama—ama*; *viaggio—aggio*; *profonde—onde*; *altramente—mente*, &c.

In the early part of the reign of Charles the First, a curious translation was published of a Latin composition on the right Course of possessing Life and Health; together with Soundness and Integrity of the Senses, Judgment, and Memory. It is in the form of a dialogue between a glutton and Echo. The reader will at once see which is the echo part of each combination, without italics or special notification:

"My belly I do defy."

"Fie!"

"Who curbs his appetite's a fool."

"Ah, fool!"

"I do not like this abstinence."

"Hence!"

"My joy's a feast, my wish is wine!"

"Swine!"

"We epicures are happy truly."

"You lie!"

"Who's that which giveth me the lie?"

"I!"

"What, Echo, thou that mock'st a voice?"

"A voice!"

"May I not, Echo, eat my fill?"

"Ill!"

"Wilt hurt me if I drink too much?"

"Much!"

"Thou mock'st me, nymph, I'll not believe it."

"Believe it!"

"Dost thou condemn then what I do?"

"I do!"

"I grant it doth exhaust the purse."

"Worse!"

"Is't this which dulls the sharpest wit?"

"Best wit!"

"Is't this which brings infirmities?"

"It is!"

"Dost thou no glutton virtuous know?"

"No!"

"Wouldst have me temp'rate till I die?"

"I!"

"Shall I therein find ease and pleasure?"

"Yea, sure!"

"But is't a thing which profit brings?"

"It brings!"

"To mind or body, or to both?"

"To both!"

"Will it my life on earth prolong?"

"O, long!"

"Wilt make me vig'rous until death?"

"Till death!"

"Wilt bring me to eternal bliss?"

"Yes!"

"Then sweetest Temperance, I'll love thee."

"I love thee!"

"I'll be a belly god no more."

"No more!"

"If all be true which thou dost tell,
They who fare sparingly fare well."

"Farewell!"

During the mutual recriminations between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, a comedy was acted at Cambridge, the savour of which is sufficiently denoted by such echo verses as the following :

"Now, Echo, on what's religion groundd?"
"Roundhead!"
"Who its professors most considerable?"
"Rabble!"
"How prove they themselves to be the godly?"
"Oddly!"
"How stand they to the government civil?"
"Evil!"
"But to the king they say they are most loyal?"
"Lie all!"
"Then God keep king and state from these same men!"
"Amen!"

A few years later, when the fortunes of Charles the First had become dark and threatening, another royalist echo was put forth, similar in construction and in sentiment to the foregoing :

"What wants thou, that thou art in this taking?"
"A king!"
"What made him first remove hence his residing?"
"Siding!"
"Did any here deny him satisfaction?"
"Faction!"
"Tell me whereon the strength of faction lies?"
"On lies!"
"What didst thou when the king left his parliament?"
"Lament!"
"What terms wouldst give to gain his company?"
"Any!"
"What wouldst thou do if here thou mightst behold him?"
"Hold him!"
"Wouldst thou save him with thy best endeavour?"
"Ever!"
"But if he comes not, what becomes of London?"
"Undone!"

In the time of the De Witts, when politics ran high in Holland, there was a sarcastic and satirical echo song which displayed much ability; but the echoes are not easily translatable into English. Somewhat after the time of those Dutchmen our Samuel Butler wrote his *Hudibras*; in which, although regular echo verses do not occur, there are bits of echo to be met with in several passages; as for example :

Quoth he, "Oh whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my—" "Ruin!"
"Who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause?" Quoth she, "A pudding!"

In the reign of Queen Anne an echo song was published, the words of which are attributed to Addison. It was of the pastoral kind, in which lovers are conventionally supposed to be shepherds and shepherdesses; and the echo is double, like

some real echoes with which we are all familiar :

"Echo, tell me while I wander
O'er this fairy plain to prove him,
If my shepherd still grows fonder,
Ought I in return to love him?"
"Love him, love him!"
"If he loves as is the fashion,
Should I churlishly forsake him;
Or in pity to his passion,
Fondly to my bosom take him?"
"Take him, take him!"
"Thy advice, then, I'll adhere to,
Since in Cupid's chains I've led him,
And with Lubin shall not fear to
Marry if you answer, 'Wed him.'"
"Wed him, wed him!"

Later in the century a rhymester brought satire and punning to his aid in an echo song, which certainly breathes but little of the pastoral spirit :

"If I address the Echo yonder,
What will its answer be, I wonder?"
"I wonder!"
"Oh, wondrous Echo, tell me, bless 'ee,
Am I for marriage or celibacy?"
"Silly Bessy!"
"If then to win the maid I try,
Shall I find her a property?"
"A proper tie!"
"If neither being grave nor funny
Will win this maid to matrimony?"
"Try money!"
"If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain, or rather smart?"
"Smart!"
"She mayn't love dress, and I, again, then,
May come too smart, and she'll complain then."
"Come plain then!"
"Then if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say if that should please her?"
"Please, sir!"
"When cross nor good words can appease her,
What if such naughty whims should seize her?"
"You'd see, sir!"
"When wed she'll change, for Love's no stickler,
And love her husband less than liquor!"
"Then lick her!"
"To leave me thus I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her!"
"Sell her!"

In 1807, a bookseller at Nuremberg, named Palm, published an echo song, terribly sarcastic upon the Emperor Napoleon. Marshal Davoust, who held sway in Germany at that time, made short work of the matter; he tried Palm by military law, and had him shot. A translation of it was composed; but, like most translations, it fails to give the full spirit of the original. Napoleon is supposed to be holding a colloquy with Echo :

"Alone, I am in this sequester'd spot unheard!"
"Unheard!"
"S'death! who answers me? What being is there nigh?"
"I!"

"Now I guess; to report my accents Echo has made her task!"

"Ask!"

"Know'st thou whether London will henceforth continue to resist?"

"Resist!"

"Whether Vienna and other courts will oppose me always?"

"Always!"

"What, then, must I expect after so many reverses?"

"Reverses!"

"What! should I like a coward vile to compound be reduced?"

"Reduced!"

"After so many bright exploits be forced to restitution?"

"Restitution!"

"Restitution of what I've got by heroic feats and martial address!"

"Yes!"

"What will be the fate of so much toil and trouble?"

"Trouble!"

"What will become of my people, already too unhappy?"

"Happy!"

"What should I then be, that think myself immortal?"

"Mortal!"

"The world is filled with the glory of my name, you know."

"No!"

"Formerly its fame struck the vast globe with terror."

"Error!"

"Sad Echo, begone. I grow infuriate, I die!"

"Die!"

The late Archdeacon Wrangham, who penned many graceful witticisms and lively effusions, wrote an echo song on the same subject as that which prompted Palm, Napoleon; but he infused a peculiar spirit into it by mixing up together English, French, Italian, and Latin. There are fourteen echoes belonging to as many couplets; the following are some that illustrate the odd polyglot mode of construction:

"Tell me of what com'st the heart of Gaul?"

"Of gall!"

"Dic mihi queso virum, vitus qui tot bona parte?"

"Bonaparte!"

"Can George, then, thrash the Corsican?"

"He can!"

"Again I call, sweet maid, come echo me."

"Eccomi!"

"Il reste donc à souhaiter que la France lui désobeit."

"So be it!"

"Ma sotto i rè erano sempre allegri."

"All agree!"

"T'unlock our India, France would make of Turkey"

"Her key!"

"Wretches as changeful as the changing ocean."

"O, chiens!"

About forty years ago, when Paganini was fiddling into his pocket the large sums of money which his admirers were willing to pay for the pleasure of hearing him, one

of the humorists of the day asked Echo what she thought of the matter:

"What are they who pay three guineas To hear a tune of Paganini's?"

"Pack o' minnies."

WANTED IN CLERKENWELL.

SINCE the repeal of the paper and newspaper stamp duties, a number of journals have sprung up in London of a totally different character from the cosmopolitan diurnals which we are wont to designate as the daily press. The sheets we refer to, some of them published daily, but most at longer intervals, concern themselves wholly with the news and business of certain localities. London is a country in itself, and its districts have each its own local organ, hardly known outside the quarter to which it specially restricts itself. These London-provincial journals, as we may term them, report vestry meetings at length, fulminate against local nuisances, and are great on the subjects of local paving and drainage. They must supply a felt want, else they could not exist, and that they must do a considerable amount of good can hardly be questioned. One of their most important offices is the publication of advertisements at a rate so moderate as to induce people to advertise in them with regard to matters that would hardly bear the higher charges of the advertising media commanding a wider area; and one or two of them, by reason of their copious display of what may be termed petty advertisements, have attained a wide circulation outside their own immediate districts. A glance at the advertising columns of the Clerkenwell News gives a curious glimpse of insight into the manner of life, the wants and wishes of our London middle-lower and lower classes. In these columns are to be found few announcements of new public companies. The gorgeous "Jeames of Buckley-square" evidently does not consider the Clerkenwell News an eligible medium for offering himself, his powdered head and shapely calves, to the notice of a discriminating aristocracy. We find in it no advertisements of "a charming country residence to be let, standing in its own grounds, and within reach of four packs of hounds," or of "a noble West-end mansion for sale, with five reception-rooms, and every accommodation for the family of a nobleman or gentleman of position." The constituency of Clerkenwell is not to be found among the clubs, nor, should we

imagine, do its readers drive their carriages, unless a light trap, adapted for multifarious uses, can be called one's own carriage.

Byron wanted a hero—"an uncommon want;" it seems evident that a far more common want among us at the present day is a "general servant." Any one answering to this description—in itself somewhat vague, but sufficiently well defined by conventional usage—must be hard to please if she cannot find a place to her liking out of the hundred and forty which are advertised as open to suitable applicants. "General servants" are evidently at a premium just now, and must be wooed by the enunciation of some special attractions. These usually take the form of "good wages" or "liberal wages," and "all found," "no children," "family small and quiet," "washing put out," "no baby," "a comfortable home for a clean, tidy girl," and so forth. But the advertisers for "general servants," while spreading these nets in the eyes of those whom they desire to attract, are, for the most part, staunch sticklers for "a good character." Some demand a "good personal character," which seems a distinction without a difference; others go still further, and stipulate for "respectability" in addition to the character. Some there are, but very few, who do not seem to regard character as the *sine quâ non*, and, as a compensation for this concession, seem to consider themselves entitled to make various stipulations as to the qualifications of the presumably characterless, to the effect that they must "cook nicely," "take a child three hours a day," or be "active, industrious, and clean." There seems as great a demand for "girls" as for "general servants," but the inducements offered to the former are not proportionally great. The usual tariff of wages for a girl under sixteen, used to house work, seems about one shilling and sixpence or two shillings per week—in many cases "with her tea" is added; from which it may be inferred that other meals have to be found by the girl out of her wages. Nearly all the girls are desired to be "respectable," and a large proportion must be "strong, clean, and active." Then there are the "persons," the greater number of whom seem to be desiderated as coffee-house attendants; and the "women," one of whom must be "Christian," and another "respectable old." If advertisements are any test, it seems abundantly plain that the laws of supply and demand are out of gear as regards servants, for

there are but two advertisements from general servants in want of places, and not a girl, person, or woman proclaims through this medium her anxiety to obtain employment. The truth is, that an immense number of the women of London are becoming too independent for service, as well as too independent when in service. Other kinds of employment, often very well—seldom very badly—paid, present themselves in competition with domestic service; and imposing as they do less restraint on personal liberty, are better liked by very many. The girl who "works at a trade," as it is called, has her evenings to herself, can choose her own lodgings, do what she likes with her Sundays, and carries her character at her fingers' ends. How multitudinous are these occupations for girls, the advertisements in the Clerkenwell News tell us. Artificial florists are in extensive request, whether they be "leaf hands," "preparers," "common hands," "improvers," "pattern makers," or "cutters;" whether in-door or out-door, it is all one, and there is not a word about character. Constant employment appears to await any number of fancy box-makers, whether their forte be "glue work," "scoring," "lining," or "gold-edging;" braiders and button-hole makers, and chenille net-makers are eagerly inquired for. If anything like decent wages are to be made at chenille net-making, it is a wonder half the world does not take to it, for it seems that a competent knowledge of the handicraft is to be taught in an hour, and then abundance of work is guaranteed. Contrary to general belief, crinolines are not yet extinct, for we find crinoline makers advertised for, and also "good steelers." Plenty of employment is open in the dyeing business, whether for "fur hands," "feather hands," or "ironers." An epaulette embroiderer, if a first-rate hand, need not be out of work an hour; and offers to envelope folders and cementers are neither few nor far between. A glossary is needful when we light upon advertisements for "floss vulture" hands, and for a forewoman over "rose hands," but there is no ambiguity in the one which offers employment to "frizette and head-dress hands." Is another red-shirt legion being organised, that we read of "Garibaldi hands" being wanted? And if so, what is the hidden meaning of the mysterious word "print" that follows within brackets? "Half-cap hands"—who make the other halves?—"hat sewers," "infants' millinery hands," "imitation infants' leghorn hat hands," "in-

fants' blond loop front hands," "ironers," and "knickerbocker hands," are all in request; "fifty ladies' hat hands" are wanted in one batch, and the wrath of male tailors ought to be stirred up by an advertisement for a young lady to learn the "best waistcoat making." As to some desiderated "mackintosh hands," there is no stipulation that they should be clanswomen from the Highlands of Inverness, and "night-cap hands" are not called upon to state whether the materials they habitually use are lawn or hot grog-with lemon and nutmeg. When "sewers" are advertised for, it seems superfluous to add "needle and thread" within brackets, but no doubt the seeming redundancy has some trade meaning of its own. In connexion with shirts, there is no mystery about a demand for "regatta hands," but what branch of shirt-making comes within the sphere of "good toppers, indoor" is as difficult for an outsider to the profession to comprehend, as it is to know what "fanners" have to do with stay-making. The tie trade seems to be very short handed, and to have numerous ramifications. We find under this head advertisements for "slip-stitchers," for "band and front hands," "knot hands," "Pall Mall hands," "Beaufort hands," "Regent hands," "Brother Sam hands," "reversible hands," "eureka hands;" and one for "those who can take all parts." Then there are advertisements for umbrella hands who must be good "tippers and bracers;" for valentine hands, who, if accustomed to sachets, can earn, it seems, ten shillings to twelve shillings per week; wax-flower hands, and milliners, dressmakers, and tailoresses, general and special, for a column and more. Advertisements under the heading of "sewing machinists, &c., wanted," take up another column. It seems tweed hats can be made with the sewing machine; and an advertisement for an "excelsior embroiderer" is surely calculated to stimulate a keen curiosity to see the aspiring damsel fulfilling such a remarkable requisition. Female labour is certainly in greater demand than male, if we are to accept the advertising columns of the Clerkenwell as any criterion. A column and a half suffice to set forth the requirements under the heading "mechanics, &c., wanted," and a good many of the advertisements are not particularly inviting. Similarly, under the heading "situations and employment wanted," very few women are found advertising, while there are quite two columns of what we may call male advertisements,

some very pregnant with signs of the times. Look at this one, for instance: "Employment wanted; tall, active, gentlemanly man; rapid writer; age twenty-five, wages one pound per week; understands books." Tall, active, and gentlemanly—pricing himself at one pound a week, and ready, probably, to jump at an offer of fifteen shillings! Never learnt a trade, you see, but took the other line—run off the rails somehow, and the "gentlemanly man," who is a rapid writer, and understands books, is eager for half the wages that big Jack, the navvy, who puts his cross on the pay-sheet instead of his name, is tearing out of the earth with pick and spade. Boys are in very active request, for the most part at what seem fair wages; but some of the employments for which they are required are not easily intelligible except to experts. We start as we read the following: "Boy wanted, used to vice," but light is let in by the sequel—"and hammer." Can this be a crackman who is advertising for a "boy used to filing and drilling"? There is an advertisement for a "lad who has been on the bench," and another for a "youth who has been at the bar;" but we fail to find one for a youngster who has been "in the dock." Surely a covert insult to the profession lurks in this advertisement: "Boot trade—a youth wanted for the press." Is it possible that a zeal for economy has led the Lords of the Admiralty to advertise under a feigned name for a "monitor, from five shillings weekly"? Monitors, we know, are not thought much of now as war vessels; but then look at the figure!

It is inexplicable that we should ever hear of any one being out of business, unless by reason of absolute distraction at the plethora of eligible chances offered to the public, in some cases for making a fortune at a stroke, in none for doing worse than gaining a comfortable livelihood. A free beer-house may be had for thirty pounds, "all at," whatever may be the meaning of that spasmodic ellipsis. A butcher may have "the best opening in Bayswater" for the value of the fixtures; and we find "a cat's-meat walk for sale, doing six cwt. per week." There can be no mistake about this earthly paradise: "Fish-shop (neat little fried and dried) to let: shop, parlour, two bedrooms, back wash-house, &c.; coming in five pounds;" and there is a touch of genuine pathos in the statement that "the cause of letting is through ill-health of the wife." This is

definite; but there is a mournful mysterious vagueness about the following, that would seem to call for the interference of the authorities, but for the circumstance that the figures seem to afford evidence that, spite of affliction, reason is not yet tottering on its throne: "General, sweets, twelve pounds; rent fourteen shillings, let off eight and sixpence, affliction of proprietor." A "ladies' middle-class day-school," which is vouched for as a genuine transaction, is to be had for twenty-five pounds; a soup-shop in a business neighbourhood for twelve pounds; and a comprehensive concern described as a "music, news-agent, and tobacco business," must be dirt cheap at forty-five pounds.

But the pick of the paper is to be found in the curious miscellaneous reading under the heading, "to be sold." The oddest things are advertised for sale; and could we see behind the scenes of which the sixpenny advertisement, hard, dry, and laconic, is the curtain, the smile that the perusal of it may haply raise would surely give place to the gravity of sincerest sympathy. Such an advertisement as this is the index to a very bitter pass: "Bible (family devotional), illustrated, for sale." The children's birthdays may be recorded in it, but it must go; and if it finds a purchaser the wedding-ring of the wife and mother may be respected a little, longer. "Duplicate, fourteen yards of rich Magenta silk, and gold and amethyst necklace, pledged this month for thirty-five shillings; ten shillings for the duplicate." This does not read like a "duffer," somehow; and it requires no ingenuity to picture to the mind's eye the sudden vicissitudes that may have enforced the sacrifice. Who that could help it would advertise for sale his or her "parrot, fine grey talking, very gentle," or such a cherished relic as "a pair of Lord Byron's duelling pistols"? Has the old stroller got too feeble to attend the village fairs, and take his stand of a Saturday night in Whitechapel, or has he made money and gone in for a bigger thing, that we find advertised, "a very pretty portable show, the 'Mermaid's Cave,' price two pounds"? What but necessity can exact the sale of "a mackintosh for carmen, cheap, a bargain seldom to be met with"? Norwich canaries can be heard in full song; cocks five shillings, hens one and sixpence, which difference in price is an insult to femininity; or if the investor would prefer a "dissolving view, apparatus complete," he can be accommodated. Dripping, warranted

good, may be had in two places, and there is a recondite instrument for sale cheap, in the shape of an "alamode potato cutting-machine." Goats, lathes, mangles, microscopes, and mills, are all advertised for sale in this column; and for a neat assortment of "sundries," it would be difficult to beat this: "Gas cooking-stove, if needed, for one hundred persons; butter block and scale complete; mahogany sideboard, single gun, two bedsteads, looking-glass, patent sausage machine." Or this: "Bradford's washing machine; a large club-room mahogany table; a small quantity of vulcanite; a French velocipede; slate bagatelle table; and two large gin vats."

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

FRENCH BRIGANDS—LES CHAUFFEURS.

ON a dark December night, in the year 1797, twenty-nine brigands, or chauffeurs, as they called themselves, assembled at a great gipsy feast of stolen poultry in the heart of the forest of Lifermeau (in the district of Orgères), to plan an attack on a rich farmer named Fousset, at Millouard. It was reported about Chartres that Fousset was one of the "Black Band," who bought up the deserted châteaux of the fugitive or guillotined aristocrats; that he had coffers full of louis-d'or, and chests crammed with linen and plate. The greedy eyes of the murderous scoundrels glittered at the prospect of such spoil.

The next night the robbers set out about eleven o'clock for the farm at Millouard. The leader of these vagabonds was a man named Girodet, generally known as Le Beau François. Originally an itinerant seller of rabbit-skins, he had succeeded the former chief, Fleur d'Épine, who had perished in the massacres of September, as ruler of the band equally dreaded by the travellers of Chartres, Orléans, Pithiviers, and Etampes. He was a tall, handsome fellow of about thirty, with good complexion and blue eyes. The second in command among these marauders was Thomas Roncin, alias the Big Dragoon, a ferocious man with a red beard, who had first been a cattle-dealer, then a soldier in the Queen's Dragoons. In serious expeditions he usually carried a musket, a sabre, and a pair of pistols. The rest of the band preferred loaded bludgeons, but there were two muskets among them, one of which had a bayonet, the other was double-barrelled. On arriving under the walls of the farm-house, a man named Duchesne

was sent out to reconnoitre. In slinking round the house, Duchesne saw a light at a loophole. Climbing a tree he looked in and saw three men, one of whom was counting money. These men were Fousset, his son, and a notary, who had come to receive some money for a mortgage, and was sleeping at the farm. As Duchesne slid down from a tree some dogs in the court-yard barked. A shepherd whistled, and Duchesne heard a door open, and the clatter of sabots. The spy returned and made his report. "We must wait an hour," said Beau François. At the end of an hour Beau François went to reconnoitre. The light was out; he whistled softly, and the band joined him; but all at once a dog flew at the door, sniffing and barking. Presently the notary's dog roused the farm dog, and the two barked furiously all night at intervals. "No good," said the chief, and the attack was postponed till the 14th of January. About twenty-six armed scoundrels assembled on that night by different routes in the forest of Goury. They started at nine o'clock at night and surrounded Millouard, according to strict military tactics. A pistol fired by Beau François was the signal of attack. A field-roller, swung as a battering-ram by six of the brigands, shattered the court-yard gate. The second door was stove in with equal ease. The farmer and his family had already, in their abject terror, fled to the stable and barricaded the door. The robbers, leaving a vedette at the front door, and sentinels outside the walls, rushed into the house shouting, "Forward; thirty of you here, forty there," to give an exaggerated impression of their numbers. The next moment the barred stable-door was dashed open, and the gang rushed in with threats and curses, one of them carrying an ominous red-hot coal and a wisp of straw. The moment the door gave way the farmer and his son and the servant-girl had hidden themselves in the stable litter. The chauffeurs drove them out by pricking them with knives and bayonets. One of the thieves, his knife between his teeth, wanted at once to cut their throats, but Beau François cried very considerably:

"And the yellow boys, Sans Ponce, who will tell us then where they are hidden? No, we must have a talk with the old man."

In the mean time the two other servants were hunted for, in the dread of any fugitive giving the alarm. The carter, trying

to pass into the road by a hole in the stable wall, was driven back by the blows of a cudgel; he then hid himself in the manger under some horse-collars, and was there caught. The shepherd, burrowing in the hayloft, was pricked out and thrashed back to the stable. All safe now, so the gang chose the oldest, and weakest, and richest to talk to. Le Père Fousset, garotted, and with his cotton cap drawn down over his nose, so that he should recognise no one, was cudgelled into the parlour, where, his legs being tied, they threw him on the ground. The wretches lighting wisps of straw passed them quickly over the body of the old man.

"Where is your money?" they shouted. "Quick, if you do not want to be put on the spit."

The poor man, blinded, sore with blows, and nearly suffocated with smoke and flame, had no heart to reply. Then half stripping him, and taking off his shoes and stockings, the chauffeurs scorched the naked flesh till he screamed in agony.

"Cry out as much as you like, but tell us where the money is," said Le Beau François.

"There are three hundred francs in the little bureau in the kitchen," moaned the old man.

The bag was found in the place indicated.

"Now the rest," roared Le Beau François; "you won't make us believe that you haven't more. There are at least twenty thousand francs."

The miserable man made a gesture of denial.

"You won't speak!" cried the enraged chief. "Then warm him, my children."

Again they lit the straw, and blazed it over him. As he still uttered only half-stifled groans, they drew out a long sharp needle and pierced the soles of his feet, and passed the flame over the wounds of this martyr of Mammon. Still no confession could be burnt out of him. In spite of all their cruelty, nothing more could be found. In vain they ripped mattresses and feather beds, and split open cupboards and chests of drawers. In his insane rage, Le Beau François trampled on the half-dead man, and, regarding him as a mere worthless corpse, threw on him a heap of ripped-up beds and counterpanes. Then, tying the clothes and linen in bundles, Le Beau François whistled together his men from the court and the stable.

"We had better settle with these," said one of the gang, pointing to the three

farm-servants and the girl; "I don't like leaving godfathers and godmothers behind us."

The gang, opening the trap-door of the cellar, now thrust in Bernard Fousset, the old man's son, the carter, and the shepherd. Catherine, the maid, who stayed behind, paralysed with terror, was hurled down the steps headlong by Borgne le Mans, one of the most brutal of the band, amid shouts of cruel laughter. Le Beau François and Le Gros Normand barred up the trap, and loaded it with casks of flour. The troop then formed in two files—the men with muskets preceding, and Le Beau François, Sans Pouce, and Le Gros Normand guarding the rear. They passed the houses of Pourpry, and made for the wood. There they divided the spoil. They lit a bivouac fire of dead boughs, threw their old shirts and rags in the flames, and put on the clean linen from the farm; the clothes were equally shared, and the silver cups, bowls, shoe-buckles, and brooches set apart for sale at the receivers, near D'Angerville. As he stretched himself to sleep, Le Beau François muttered, "That old rascal of a Fousset robbed us after all."

In spite of all the tortures heaped upon him, the old farmer was not dead. Recovering from his swoon, and hearing no sound, he tried to disengage himself from the superincumbent load. He succeeded by a terrible exertion, and, by the dim light of the almost burnt-out embers, seeing that the feather bed covering him still smouldered, he tore it from him with his teeth. His hands were tied, but the flames had burnt through the cords round his feet and thighs, and he raised himself with pain on his bleeding feet. Crawling to the door, he called out, in a feeble voice, "Bernard, Bernard!" No voice replied. "They have killed him." He crawled on to the outer door, supporting himself by the walls. There was no light in Pourpry, no light on the plain; the night was gloomy and dark. He tried to reach the cottage of a labourer, about a hundred yards from the farm. What an hour of agony! A hundred yards; it seemed twenty miles. Often he fell, for his feet were swollen and sore, and his thighs were blistered, and almost fleshless. His breath, too, failed him, and it seemed as if his very lungs had been laid open. After midnight he reached the labourer's door. He called, but his voice was too weak to be heard. Collecting all his strength, he rolled his body into the doorway, and struck the door

with his head. At length the labourer's wife came with a candle and found the miserable man half dead on the threshold. With the help of a neighbour, the good woman unbound the old farmer, dressed his feet, and put him on a bed. At daybreak the two women, taking a lantern, went to the farm and released the imprisoned farm-servants. The next day they went to seek a justice of the Canton d'Artenay. The officers arrived, and found the straw and the beds still smouldering. A surgeon found the old man dying; his legs below the knee almost roasted; the chest terribly burnt. He expired eight days after the robbery, of his wounds. The only traces the thieves had left behind them were two old three-cornered hats, a pair of iron-heeled sabots, a pipe, and an old blouse. These things were carefully guarded by the gendarmes.

There was nothing more dreadful in the attack on Fousset than in dozens of other crimes perpetrated by the same band, and the state of things had now become intolerable. The small farmers were afraid to combine, and the country people were too often in league with the thieves. Severe measures were rendered necessary. The wound that cannot be healed must be cut out. Suchy, the commissary of Chartres, found a stern and staunch lieutenant in a simple *maréchal des logis* of gendarmes, Pierre Pascal Vasseur. This man was a resolute and untiring pursuer. He seemed to take as much pleasure in choking a brigand as a good terrier does in killing a rat. To ferret out these vermin, and to introduce them to the guilotine, was the one end and aim of his restless life. This was not his first hunt; some years before he had cleared the forest of Senonches with fire and sword. He knew the habits of the brigands and their motley language, old as the wars of the League. The National Guards were utterly useless. That was visible at the very outset. On the 17th of January a detachment had orders to search on the farm of Stas, in the canton of Bazoches les Gallerand, for seven or eight suspected beggars, among whom was Sans Pouce, one of Fousset's torturers. The distrustful rustic soldiers, whose muskets were rusty, and some of them without flints, were mocked by the sturdy beggars, whose cudgels they shunned. "Tell your master," said Sans Pouce, to the farmer's milk-maid, "that if he is afraid of his crowns we will take care of them."

But the daring rascals did not long defy

justice. Vasseur, surrounding the suspected region, drawing his nets in narrowing circle after circle, sending out his spies and scouts from farm to farm, striking every bush, probing every wood, chatting with farmers, carters, and vine-dressers, met at last with two shepherds and a farm-girl who had seen the suspected beggars in the wood of Goury, about a league and a half from Fousset's farm. There the ashes of their bivouac fires were found, and some huts and shelters they had constructed. The farm-girl told the keen gendarme that three days before the sack of Millouard she had seen Jacques d'Etampes and others of the gang pass by in rags. Eight days after, she saw them again pass well-dressed, and Jacques d'Etampes had on a red carmagnole handkerchief, ornamented with cannons and caps of liberty. He took off this, flourished it before the girl, who admired it, and offered it to her for a "beau louis-d'or."

The girl mocking him, Jacques untwisted the handkerchief and showed her a louis tied up in one corner.

"I gained that," he said, "at the last harvest."

In a stable of a farm in the canton of Orgères, Vasseur and his men found a beggar-woman and her husband. They had no passports, and were at once arrested. The man, Germain Bouscaut, alias Le Borgne de Jouy, aged twenty-eight years, had been for nine years one of the most dreaded chiefs of the Orgères band. After some reticence he made the fullest and minutest revelations of the names of all his infamous companions, and drew up a complete and terrible list of their various crimes.

"You seek," he said to Vasseur, "the assassins of Millouard. I was there. I have never been a murderer, but I was compelled to associate with these men, or they would have killed me. There are one hundred and twenty men, and nearly as many women. They scour all the plain of Beauce, from the high road from Orléans to Paris, as far as the great road from Châteaudun to Epernay, the plain Gâtinais, the plain of Gomert, and the plain of Picardy. Most of them wear round slouched hats, woollen caps, or three-cornered hats à la militaire. They seldom have visible weapons, but they carry short, heavy bludgeons. The assassins of Fousset you will find near Pithiviers, in such and such farms, but you must go in force, or you'll very likely never return."

Vasseur was close upon them. In the house

of detention at Chartres he found a young man of St. Brigaud, one of the gang who had been wounded in 1796, after attacking a farm. They also captured Le Borgne Quatre Sous, who had joined Rouge d'Auneau in a murder and robbery, in 1797, of a poor schoolmaster and beadle named Lampe Trop. In the prison of Neuville they met with the notorious Rouge d'Auneau, again in trouble for not having a passport. It was now resolved to filter all the prisons between Chartres and Orléans, to discover the dregs of the Orgères gang, who were constantly being arrested. Vasseur found an honest, brave, and unflinching coadjutor in Armand François Fongeron, the magistrate and head of the police for the Canton Orgères at Ville-Prevost. The captain commandant of the National Gendarmerie for the Department of the Eure and Loire put at the disposal of Vasseur as many detachments as he might need, and lent him in addition the hussars quartered at Chartres and Neuville.

From the deserters of the band Vasseur gradually obtained the fullest details. The bands of robbers that in Cartouche's time had infested the forests near Paris, Rouvray, Bondy, and Senart, had gradually been driven into the woods of the Isle of France, Beauce, Berry, and Picardy. In a vast triangle formed of the three departments now known as Eure and Loire, Loire and Cher, and Loiret, these robbers ruled supreme. The woods were large, the plains rich, and scantily inhabited. Vast caves, the quarries of mediæval churches and fortresses, natural or artificial retreats, known to the brigands by traditions, served to shelter their families and conceal their spoil.

The chauffeurs formed an organised association. They had their curé, an old Norman mason, who in a priest's dress performed the mock marriages. Their schoolmaster and lawyer, Jacques de Pithiviers, was an old carter who had been a clerk to a procureur. He taught the children and lads how to plan and carry out a robbery, and when to use violence judiciously. Their patriarch, Le Père Elouis, was an old villain eighty years old, who had known the survivors of Cartouche's gang. It was he who had revived the cruel torture by fire of more barbarous times. The surgeon Baptiste gained access to farms as a quack and juggler. These brigands had also their spies who became farm servants, and who ran away and rejoined the band when they had obtained the required information. In all the towns and villages

round the forest in which they lurked there were receivers, who bought their plunder. Their chief cave was in a wood near Goudreville. This huge vault, approached by intricate paths, was one hundred feet long and thirty wide. The entrance, hidden by bushes, could be closed on the inside by a massive bar of iron and a very strong secret lock. You descended into this cave of Roland by a flight of sixteen steps. The huge hearth had a chimney up which any one could escape with ease, and its outer orifice was concealed by a growth of thorn-bushes and brambles. This place was the pandemonium of the chauffeurs, and there they held their shameless orgies. Their bank and store-house at Apreux was kept by an old hag whom they called *La Bonne Mère d'Apreux*. Her cellars were honeycombed with secret passages, and in her chests she kept stolen goods and assorted parcels of money, the property of her various clients. Their council chamber was a rough hut in the forest of Muette. The chauffeurs, beside their other officers, had their surgeons, their barbers, and their tailors, who could make disguises and alter costumes. The gang had certain receivers, who sold the cattle and sheep-dogs they stole, and they had other agents at Chartres who procured passports when necessary. Coiners also worked for them, so complete was their organisation.

From the deserters he had enlisted, Vasseur obtained a detailed list of the various crimes the *Orgères* gang had committed. They had attacked a farm in the Valley of *St. Cyr-en-Val*. There they stole thirty thousand francs, one hundred and thirty-one louis, and some church plate, and tortured the servants. For this robbery two of the gang afterwards suffered at Chartres. Soon after this the chauffeurs broke into a house at Montgon, killed the farmer, his wife, and a carter in a cruel manner, and carried off a hoard of louis that had been hidden in a pot of lard. In March, 1796, the same band robbed and killed a farmer at Grillons. A few days later they tortured a farmer's daughter, and a woman of the gang, *La Grande Marie*, disguised as a man, stabbed a farmer and his wife; but as the catalogue of the chauffeur murders and assassinations would fill whole pages, let us pass on to the final destruction of these wretches.

Le Beau François, irritated at the pursuit of the gendarmes, had determined on striking a vigorous blow, and had planned

the simultaneous burning and plunder of three farms. But first he resolved to attack the château of Faronville, the residence of a *ci-devant abbé*, near Toury. But already Vasseur was close upon his heels. At the farm of Goudreville he had arrested a beggar, who turned out to be the famous *Sans Pouce*, who confessed that he had been at Millouard, and soon after was captured, at another farm, *Le Rouge d'Auneau*. A few days later he laid hands on *Le Borgne de Mans*, who pretended to be a runaway man-of-war's man from Brest. One midnight, halting at an auberge at Artenay, Lambert, one of the gendarmes, laid down his loaded pistols for a moment on the chimney-piece. At one bound *Le Borgne de Jouy* seized the pistols, presented one at Lambert, and threatened death with the other to whoever opposed his flight. But in a moment Vasseur had slipped behind him, and crushed him in his arms till he dropped the pistols and begged for mercy. This unsuccessful attempt at escape brought on a fit of madness, followed by a collapse, that compelled Vasseur to tie him on a horse during the march. When his reason returned *Le Borgne* offered to help Vasseur, who had spared his life, to trap *Le Beau François* and all his gang at one swoop. They were to be found in a rendezvous in the forest of Meriville, in a place hitherto thought inaccessible. He would undertake to "*pincer les marrons*" in three movements. Vasseur's heart leaped up at this; the next morning his column of inquiry, avoiding the high roads, marched eighteen leagues. Defiling silently, and with extreme caution, along the woodmen's paths, he shunned the farms, and pressed towards the brigand camp. What he most feared was the chauffeurs taking alarm before his sabres were at them. Worn out at last, neither horses nor men could budge a foot further. By the advice of a spy, Vasseur reluctantly resolved to encamp for the night in a chestnut wood near a spring, and to resume the march an hour after midnight, when the brigands would be sunk into their first sleep.

At the appointed hour Vasseur, who disdained sleep, touched the sleeping men, and prepared for the march. The gendarmes rolled up their cloaks, muffled their sabres, and felted the horses' feet. *Le Borgne de Jouy*, Vasseur carried on his own powerful charger; and as they started on their march, the gendarme whispered in the rogue's ear:

"You understand, *mon garçon*, that I

risk my men's skin as well as my own. You will not, therefore, be surprised, if the affair fails through any fault of yours, that my first ball will be for you."

As long as they kept the road to Meriville, the track that led to the great forest, the hussars and gendarmes were able to ride two and two, in spite of the dim starlight; but Vasseur allowed no "éclaireurs," for fear of giving a premature alarm. As to his own troop being surprised he felt no fear. Arrived at the thicker part of the forest, each horseman dismounted, and with left hand on his pistol, and musketoon slung on his back, led his horse through the underwood the best way he could. After about a hundred yards the path began to grow rocky, and to ascend, with trees and thickets here and there, and precipices opening on either side. Vasseur went first, holding Le Borgne de Jouy with an iron grip under the left arm. After a quarter of an hour of this dangerous climb, Le Borgne de Jouy pointed out a path, and said, in a low voice:

"Regardez! there is the Devil's Leap."

The road that showed by the pale starlight was narrow, steep, and suspended between two yawning precipices. The stumble of a horse, a cry of pain, a whistle of treason, and all would perish. Two or three determined men well posted there could have kept all the hosts of Charlemagne at bay. Vasseur, at a glance, comprehended the situation. He returned to the brigadier of hussars, who followed his steps, and said:

"One by one every man and every horse follow where I tread. If the chauffeurs attack let every man make his horse lie down, and throw himself on the ground."

The road luckily soon became sandy; the horses' hoofs could not be heard. In ten minutes Le Saut du Diable was passed, and not a horse had slipped. The path now widened into a narrow plateau, commanding a gorge that seemed fathomless. A hundred feet below, a little to the left, Le Borgne de Jouy pointed to a faint red glare. It was the chauffeurs' camp, and Vasseur could have thrown a stone down into the bivouac fire. By the dim light Vasseur's eyes sparkled to see a great number of men stretched out with their feet towards the fire.

"Eh bien," said Le Borgne de Jouy, "have I kept my word?"

That moment Vasseur's hand closed upon the spy's mouth, while at a pre-arranged signal two men garrotted and

bound the thief, and threw him like a log at the foot of a tree.

"A mere measure of precaution, mon garçon," whispered Vasseur; "it is for your interest. If this coup does not turn out well, your comrades will never suspect the man they find here tied round like a sausage."

Two winding paths led down to the abyss. At the opposite side of the gorge were thick trees, and not the shadow even of a rabbit run.

"A regular mouse-trap," whispered Vasseur to the brigadier. "The fools have forgotten to guard the heights, but for that they could have carbonadoed us. Take half the men and wheel to the right. I'll move on the left, and then fall together on these rascals. No fire-arms. The sabre only. Leave up here six steady men, with muskets ready for the fugitives."

He then sent on his hussars; when he judged they had reached the required point, he dashed on at a gallop, followed by his gendarmes. In a moment they were on them. Le Beau François, recognisable at once by his great height, was first on his feet, pistol in either hand. The ready finger was on the triggers, when he heard the gallop of the hussars. Seeing at once that they were surrounded, he threw away his arms, crying, "I surrender." Le Gros Normand had already covered a gendarme, when Le Beau François cried, "Pa de betises!" and kicked him and the musket into the fire. In a moment the gendarmes and hussars had their hands on the rascals' throats and cords round their hands. The whole covey was caught at the one drag of the net. Day by day strings of sham beggars, sham pedlars, deserters, and jugglers were hurried to the prisons of Chartres. A celebrated receiver named Mongendre and his son were captured in a hut in the very heart of the forest of Orléans by six determined gendarmes, who had disguised themselves as wood-cutters.

Bit by bit, crime after crime of these assassins, who had for so many years devastated central France, came to the light. It was discovered that the chauffeurs formed a secret brotherhood, and that any disclosure of their plans was usually followed by the murder of the informer. On one occasion a boy-thief, Le Petit Garçon d'Etrechy, had been beaten to death for imprudently talking of a robbery. Le Beau François sentenced him to death, and as he was dying, Sans Pouce trampled on his head with his huge iron-shod sabots.

The body was not even buried. In 1791, Charles de Paris, Vincent le Tonnelier, and Beauceron le Blouse, bludgeoned to death a comrade for having helped an innkeeper against the gang. Franche Montagne, about the same time, was burnt to death for some petty reason, and his ears cut off and nailed to an adjoining tree, as a warning to his brothers. La Belle Nanette had a narrow escape, and La Dubarry, another lady of the gang, was nearly beaten to death for threatening, in a moment of passion, to denounce the savage Sans Pouce as a deserter. It was also found that Beau François, Sans Pouce, Beor, Marabon, and Charles de Paris, had been aided by two servants in a robbery at Levès, in May, 1795, when the farmer and his wife were strangled and robbed. Twenty-seven days Vasseur scoured the dangerous country, without taking off his clothes or laying down his sword. Every day he effected some fresh captures. In the three prisons of Chartres there were crowded nearly seven hundred chauffeurs, till dysentery broke out and thinned the black ranks. While awaiting his trial, Le Beau François escaped from the infirmary, into which he had got by shamming a fever. A sick man escaped with him, but was recaptured the next day, half dead, under a tree. A quarter of an hour after his escape, Le Beau François robbed a poor gardener of Chartres of three crowns twenty sous, and some bread.

Nearly two years after their first arrest the chauffeurs were solemnly tried at Chartres, one hundred and ninety-four witnesses being examined, the chauffeurs loudly protesting against any mere ignorant labourers being retained on the jury, and demanding lawyers and educated men.

Twenty of the men, and three of the miserable women, were condemned to death. When the sentence was pronounced, the chauffeurs seeing a movement among the gendarmes, imagined they were to be instantly shot where they sat, and leaping up in frenzy they tried to break through the bayonets, but were soon overpowered. Le Borgne de Mans, Rouge d'Auneau, Chat Gauthier, Sans Pouce, and Le Gros Normand were among these dregs. The spy of Vasseur, Germain Bouscaut, alias Le Borgne de Jouy, was condemned to twenty-four years in irons. Hosts of others were sentenced to various terms in the galleys, where they spent the rest of their miserable lives. The old man, Père

Elouis, the reviver of chauffage, Le Gros Beauceron, one of the assassins at Millouard, the sanguinary Quatre Sous, and Léjeune, the brigands' curé, had already perished either by fever or the guillotine. The twenty-three condemned members of the Orgères band perished with brutal courage on a scaffold in the market-place of Chartres.

The stragglers of the Orgères band joined the Vendéens, or escaped to the Lyonnais, Ardeches, or the Cevennes. Three were shot in attacking a diligence filled with disguised gendarmes, and four more condemned to death at Bourg. On the day of the execution these four ruffians, in some way or other getting rid of their irons, and obtaining cutlasses, defied the gendarmes. Two of the wretches were shot dead, and two who were wounded were led bleeding to death, and shouted blasphemies and *ça ira* till the axe fell.

On the return of Napoleon from Egypt in October, 1799, Fouché, who was then head of the police, crushed the last cubbs of the wolf's brood. In forty-seven departments three hundred brigands were arrested, and a great number destroyed. In the Deux Sevres ten armed brigands were guillotined. The leader of these was Le Grand Gars. The most ferocious of his acolytes was one Girodet. This Girodet, whom we leave under a wayside tree with his skull cloven and his brutal face looking ferocious even in death, was our old friend of Orgères, the chauffeur captain, Le Beau François.

CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN PORT," &c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XI. QUO FATA DUCUNT.

THE first bell had rung, and the huge locomotive, just filled, was leisurely backing from the water-tank towards the train to which it was to be coupled, as Philip Vane entered the Springside station. He found his knees trembling under him as he alighted from the fly which had picked him up on the Wheatcroft road, and felt that he should require all the nerve at his command to face the blaze of light and the bustling crowd spread over the platform. He had his return-ticket in his pocket, so that there was no occasion for him to enter the booking-office; but on his arrival he had left his travelling-coat and rugs in the

cloak-room, and he deliberated for an instant whether it would not be better to leave them there, rather than undergo the scrutiny of the porter. Suddenly, however, it flashed upon him that he could not recal the contents of his coat-pockets, and that there might be therein some card or memorandum, some envelope of a letter, which might lead to its recognition as his property, and be brought in as testimony of the fact that he had been in Springside on that fearful night. He must fetch them at all risks; and his brandy-flask, which he had emptied in the fly, must be refilled at the refreshment-stand.

The cloak-room, he was glad to find, was at the other end of the platform, away from the bustle and the glare. He went there, and found it occupied by two men: one a clerk, seated at a high desk at the far end, entering in a huge ledger the names of the articles which the other man, a porter, called out as he sorted them away. The clerk was working under a shaded lamp, and in comparative darkness; but two flaming gas-jets lighted the other portion of the room, one of them immediately above the large, square, open window at which Philip Vane stood, and handed in his ticket.

"Coat and rug, sir?" said the man, in his broad Somersetshire accent. "There you are, sir." And he placed the articles on the broad ledge before him. "Beg your pardon, sir," he added, pointing down to Philip's hand, outstretched to take them, "cut your knuckles, I think, sir?"

Philip glanced down at his hand, and saw that the back was stained and rough with blood; he was fully alive to the danger of showing the smallest sign of trepidation at that moment, so holding his hand towards the gaslight, he examined it coolly, and said, in as careless a tone as he could assume, "So I have; I could not get down the fly window just now, so broke it with my fist; but I had no idea my hand was cut."

"Bad thing them splinters of glass under flesh, sir," said the porter; "better let me wipe it for you with this damp cloth."

"No, thanks," said Philip; "there is the second bell ringing, and I am off by this train—much obliged." And with a friendly nod to the porter, he took up his coat and rug and hurried away. The wheels were just beginning to move as he jumped into an empty first-class carriage, and, wrapping himself in his rugs and

pulling his travelling-cap over his eyes, tried to compose himself to sleep.

Throughout that journey, however, there was no sleep for Philip Vane. The whirling of the wheels beat into his brain, the scream of the engine sent his heart leaping in his breast, the light from the small stations flashing through the windows as the train dashed by them, startled him so, that he clutched the elbows of the seat convulsively, and leaned eagerly forward, in his endeavour to trace any sign of the diminution of their speed. No, onward and still onward they went. He remembered having ascertained that they only halted once—at Swindon—on the entire journey; but what if the discovery had been made? What if Madge had denounced him as the assailant? Would not the news be flashed along the line, and the train be stopped at some intermediate station in order that he might be arrested? Arrested! Let him fancy himself in that position, and think calmly through the case in all its bearings, in order to decide what course he should pursue.

When the old man recovered from his fit he would be able to describe the details of the assault made upon him, and to declare by whom and for what reason he had been attacked. Then would come out the story of the forgery, and then—Philip Vane trembled from head to foot, as he thought of the punishment which the discovery of his commission of that crime would inevitably bring upon him. Before his mental vision at that moment rose the figure of his wife, and he ground his heel upon the carriage floor and cursed aloud. It was to her he owed all his ill-luck in life. If he had not married her he would have been free to marry Mrs. Bendixen, and Delabole would have had no power to compel him to commit the forgery; if he had not married her there would have been no reason for him to undertake that journey to Springside, and he would not have been brought into collision with that old man, whom he had been compelled in self-defence to strike. He had struck the old man, and the blood was still upon his hand. He moistened his handkerchief, and as he endeavoured to rub off the dull red mark, there rose, even in his hardened heart, a feeling of shame at having struck one so old and evidently so ill. "I could not help it," he muttered between his teeth, "he held me like a vice. A man with all that strength left in him won't take long in recovering. It was a mercy that he fainted,

and so set me free. Call in the aid of the police; a forger and a scoundrel, eh? That meant Irving's business, plainly. But how did he learn that? Asprey's orders, as to the old man's letters and telegrams being kept back, must have been disobeyed. Who could have done that? My charming wife again, I firmly believe. What could she be doing in that house? I noticed she had no bonnet on, and seemed quite at home. If she had anything to do with it, this infernal ill-luck would be fully accounted for. One week more would have done it: would have seen me married and rich, and well out of the reach of the police with whom the old man threatened me, and whom he will certainly set on my track so soon as he recovers. What's this? slackeningspeed now, without a doubt!" And he rose to his feet and peered anxiously out of the window, as the train ran from the outer darkness in amongst blocks of stationary carriages, past solitary engines with the outlines of the stokers standing black and weird against the glowing fires, and finally came to a standstill alongside the platform at Swindon.

Philip Vane started as the door was unlocked and thrown open, but the porter only made the customary announcement of the ten minutes' wait, and passed on. Vane looked round, observing but few passengers, who, for the most part, were hurrying to the refreshment-room. He followed them, drank two small glasses of brandy at the counter, and had his flask filled again. Then he returned to the carriage. As he was entering he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and, turning round, found at his elbow a guard, who demanded his ticket. They would not stop until they reached Paddington, the guard said, and the gentleman would not be disturbed again.

Another passenger was seated in the compartment, a middle-aged man, with a seal-skin cap and a fur rug. He had already hooked a reading-lamp into the lining of the carriage behind him, and was deep in the folds of an evening paper. So intent was he in his occupation, that he merely looked up for an instant as Philip entered, but shortly after the train had started he dropped the paper on to his knees and emitted a long whistle.

"Do you take any interest in the City, sir?" he asked, looking across at his companion.

"No—why?" was the curt reply.

"Because they are going it there, that's

all," replied the man. "Egg-shells and cards seem about the materials which commercial houses are made of now-a-days, let alone companies limited, which are a pleasant combination of cobwebs and feathers. Two more suspensions announced this morning in the papers, sir. Consols fell three-quarters, and a general feeling of uneasiness prevalent. That'll touch us at Manchester, that will. Know anything of Manchester, sir?"

Philip Vane answered shortly that he knew nothing of Manchester, and the commercial gentleman, thus snubbed, betook himself once more to his newspaper, and when he had sucked it completely dry of all commercial information, he drew forth a fat black-leather pocket-book, by making entries in which, and reading over the entries already made, he beguiled the time until the end of the journey. Meanwhile, Philip Vane had again settled himself into his corner, and was deep in contemplation. The recurrence of the panic in the City, of which he had just heard, was another item against him. He had a vague idea of borrowing money from Delabole on the strength of his approaching marriage, and escaping with it to Spain or some other place little infested by Britons, where he could lie perdu until he had a chance of making his way to South America. There might be some difficulty in this now, for in this panic Delabole might be hard hit, even though he saw from the newspaper, which he picked up and glanced through, that *Terra del Fuegos* remained at the price at which he had left them.

As they sped on, innumerable projects arose in Philip Vane's mind, were thought over, put aside for further cogitation, or summarily dismissed: prominent among all the others came the idea that even when he was denounced as a forger, and when the fact of his former marriage was blazed abroad—two things certain to happen within the next few days, perhaps within the next few hours—even then Mrs. Bendixen might not desert him. She could not be his wife, it is true, but she loved him passionately, with a warmth and devotion unknown to paler, colder natures, with a hungry fervour which might prompt her to forgive the deception he had practised on her, and to fly with him to some place where they could live together beyond the reach of any of their former acquaintances. Or—for the brandy which Philip Vane had swallowed had but had the effect of clear-

ing his brain and steadying his nerve, and he calculated his chances with as much coolness and judgment as though another's fate and not his own were trembling in the balance—or supposing that Mrs. Bendixen in the contest between her position and her nature were to give way to the former, she would still have her money, money over which certain letters addressed by her to him, and carefully retained, would give him considerable control.

Yes, that was how it must be managed; the game of respectability was played out, the news of the forgery and of his intended bigamy would be promulgated at once, and there was nothing left for him but flight. He would have time enough after his arrival in town to get together his most valuable articles of property, and to start by an early train or boat to such destination as he might fix upon without his flying visit to London being heard of, and while his servants and people at the office would imagine that he was still absent on a business tour, on which he was known to have started. He would not see Delabole, he would not see any one; the cause of his flight would soon be perfectly apparent, and his enemies might then do their worst. He had sufficient money to take him to a place of safety, and then he would work the oracle with Mrs. Bendixen. Properly managed, his fate would not be such a hard one after all. But what a difference one week, even a few days, might have made! Had Asprey's calculations been fulfilled; had Sir Geoffry died at the time the doctor predicted, the forgery would not have been discovered; Madge could have been brought to terms; and as Mrs. Bendixen's husband, he, Philip Vane, would have had wealth and position, which were to him the only two things worth living for! As that bitterest thought of all "what might have been" crossed Philip Vane's mind, he stamped his foot with rage, thereby awaking the commercial gentleman, who, struggling into a sitting posture, and wiping the steam from the carriage window, muttered, "London at last!" and proceeded to pick up his newspaper and get his travelling-rugs together.

London! Now Philip Vane must have his wits about him, and be ready to carry into execution all that he has determined on. The porter who bustles about to get him a cab, eyes him, as he fancies, suspiciously, and he bids the cabman set him down somewhat short of his own house, in order that the address may not be re-

membered. It is comparatively early, not yet eleven o'clock, and being a bright night the streets are filled with people returning from the more sober entertainments, or the votaries of Saint Monday, who have been keeping their accustomed holiday. When these latter gather together in little chattering knots, as they do at almost every street corner where there is a public-house, Philip Vane looks out of the cab window at them, wondering what they are talking about; whether perchance the news of the assault had already reached town, and whether he might be the subject of their conversation. Some of the small shops, at once news-venders and tobacconists, which are still open, have the placard-bill of the contents of the evening papers exhibited at their doors, and Philip scans these eagerly, but finds in them no cause for fear. As he nears his home in the more aristocratic part of the town, he leaves all the noise and bustle behind him, and when the cab stopped as directed at the corner of the street, there was no one within sight. Philip alighted, and taking his rugs in his hand hurried to the Albany. He thought it would be useless to attempt to shirk the inspection of the gate-porter, but to his delight that functionary had temporarily yielded up his post to a deputy, who, unexcited by the novelty of his position, had dropped off to sleep, so that Philip passed by him and gained his chambers unobserved. As he opened the door with his latch-key, he recollected that he had given his servant a holiday, and he knew that he was not likely to come across any one else, for the men holding chambers in the same block were all out of town, and their housekeepers were only visible in the early morning.

Now then to work. In the outer hall were two or three trunks piled on each other. He selected the largest of these, and dragged it into the middle of the sitting-room; then he paused, undecided as to how he should commence his work of selection. The rooms had been furnished by a fashionable upholsterer, who had been told to spare no expense, and, as is usual with such people, had rendered them very handsome and eminently uninhabitable: wood of the finest grain, velvet of the softest texture, gilding of the brightest sheen, were there in abundance, but could not be taken away. They had cost much money and must be left behind. At one time, he had a notion of dismantling the shelves of the clocks, and the china orna-

ments, and the valuable nicknacks which were strewn about them; but on second thoughts he determined to leave them, fearing they would be missed by his servant on his return, and thus suspicion would be excited. Finally, he dragged the large trunk back into the hall, and fetching the portmanteau which he ordinarily used, commenced filling it with wearing apparel, carefully packing, too, his splendid dressing-case with silver-gilt fittings, and a quantity of plate which he took from an iron safe in his bedroom.

He had opened the door of this safe, and was looking through a number of documents, bills, and other securities, with the intention of seeing which could be made available in his flight, when he heard a sudden knock at the door. Not an ordinary knocking, but quick, hurried, and studiously low, as though the person knocking were fearful of attracting other observation than that of the person whose attention he was endeavouring to catch.

Philip Vane paused in his task and listened; his heart beat so loudly that at first he could not hear anything else, and after the knocking had ceased, for a minute afterwards he heard it distinctly. He filled a wine-glass from a decanter of brandy on the sideboard and swallowed its contents, then he crossed the hall and paused at the outside door.

"Who's there?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I," replied the well-known voice of Mr. Delabole, pitched in the same key. "Let me in at once—most important!"

Vane opened the door, and Mr. Delabole entered. He knew the way, he had been there often before, and, with his host following him, he rapidly crossed the little hall and passed into the sitting-room. When he saw the half-filled portmanteau and the room littered with clothes and papers, he started back and turned quickly round.

"Hallo!" he said, "so soon? I came to warn you, but you seem to have heard of it already."

"Heard of what?" said Vane, looking bluntly at him.

Mr. Delabole's face was pale; there was a strained, worn look round his eyes, his usual gorgeous shirt-front was crumpled, and his ring-covered little hands were very dirty; but it was with something of his old jaunty manner that he said: "Won't do, my dear Philip—things are too serious just now for us to indulge in such gaff.

You must have heard the news, or you would not be packing up to cut and run in this way."

"I have this moment returned to town, and I tell you I have heard no news whatever."

"Well, then, not to keep you in suspense any further, the short and long of the matter is this. Late this evening, after business hours, I received a private telegram in cipher from Garcia, the resident engineer at Terra del Fuegos, and——" Mr. Delabole stopped and whistled.

"And," interrupted Philip Vane, who scarcely had noticed the announcement his companion had to make to him, so great was his relief.

"And," continued Mr. Delabole, looking hard at him, "the water has come into the mine, and it is all U—P."

"That's a bad business," said Vane, striving to look interested. "What do you intend to do?"

"Well, you are a plucked one, Philip, I will say that for you," said Mr. Delabole, in admiration. "You take this as coolly as though it were a trifle, instead of meaning ta-ta to every sixpence you have got in the world. To be sure there is Mrs. Bendixen's money in prospect, but one ought never to reckon upon that until one has touched it. And you ask me what I am going to do. I will tell you, my dear Philip, in a word of four letters—bolt!"

"Leave England?"

"Leave England very much indeed, for a short time. I had always arranged with Garcia that when this crisis happened—I knew it was always on the cards, having been told so by old Prothero, when he came back from his second visit and sold all his shares—I had arranged with Garcia to let me have forty-eight hours' notice before the news could reach the City in the regular way. If he keeps his word, and I have no doubt he will, the interesting occurrence will not get wind until Thursday morning, by which time we—if you decide upon accompanying me—can be the other side the Pyrenees, and well into Spain."

"Is there absolute necessity for your going?"

"Well, my dear Philip, when the T. D. F. bursts up, there will be rather a howl, and it will probably, too, be better for me to be out of the reach of certain speculative persons who may think they have been defrauded of their money. What an extraordinary fellow you are! You must necessarily make yourself scarce, and yet

you seem to be displeased with the notion of my company, which I thought would have afforded you the greatest delight."

"It is not that, of course; I should be glad of your society, but it's hard lines to have to run away into hiding just now."

"You can take Mrs. Bendixen with you, my dear Philip," said Mr. Delabole, sardonically. "She will not know that it is anything more than a mere commercial smash; and she will be doubly anxious to have the opportunity of concealing her own stricken deer. Besides, you might have had to bolt in a more hurried manner. Oh, by the way, I have news for you."

"What news?" said Vane, starting. "More trouble?"

"On the contrary," said Delabole, "good. Just before I came out, Asprey enclosed me this telegram, which he received to-night. Read it for yourself."

Mr. Delabole took an envelope from his pocket and handed it to his companion, who opened it eagerly, and spread out its contents before him. But he had scarcely glanced at the paper, when, with a heavy groan, he fell senseless on the floor.

Mr. Delabole was a practical man; he rushed into the bedroom, and emerging with the water-jug, dashed a stream over his friend's face; then dropping on his knees beside him, untied his neckerchief, unbuttoned his waistcoat and shirt, and lifted up his hand that he might feel how the pulse was beating.

What makes him drop the hand suddenly as though it had been red-hot, letting it fall heavily on the floor? What makes him bend over it again as it lies there doubled up and shapeless, and peer curiously at the cuff and shirt-wristband? What makes him shrink back, regaining his feet with one bound, and looking down with horror on the prostrate form?

"He did it," he muttered. "By the Lord!"

"What is it exactly the doctor says?" picking up the telegram which had fluttered to the ground. "'Chenoweth, Springside, to Asprey, Cavendish-square. Sir G. H. is dead. Killed to-night in a struggle. Particulars by post. Shall want you at the inquest.' Killed in a struggle; and unless I am very much mistaken, this is the man that killed him. What's the meaning of his falling into a fit when he read that?"

What's the meaning of those stains on his hands and cuffs and wristband? That was where he was all this day, when he would tell no one where he was going! And here are his boots and trousers still cased with the heavy country mud! What was the meaning of this packing up, which I interrupted him in? His plate and papers too, I see, to take with him. What did that mean but to bolt? This is an infernal bad business," he continued, dropping into a chair and wiping his forehead. "I wish to Heavens I had not come here!"

At this moment Philip Vane opened his eyes, and after gazing wearily round him, gradually struggled into a sitting posture.

"Help me to get up, Delabole," he said, in a faint voice. "Give me your hand."

"Not I," said Mr. Delabole, drawing back and plunging his hands into his pockets.

"What's the matter?" said Philip, still faintly. "What has happened?"

"This has happened, Philip Vane; that I know where you were during this day and what you did! Henceforth we work separate, and I advise you to keep clear of me. I don't pretend to be strait-laced; I am not particular as to how I get my money so long as it comes, but I have never gone in for murder yet, and I don't intend to do so. And look here; you know I am sound enough, but if you don't want others, who might not be quite so reliable, to find out what I have found out to-night, look to your coat-cuff, and shirt-wristband, and trousers, and boots, and be off out of this place, before the hue-and-cry is upon you."

So saying, without another look at his companion, Mr. Delabole put on his hat and strolled from the room, leaving Philip Vane grovelling on the ground.

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SELECTIONS FROM ARTICLE :

"HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF THE
IRISH POPLIN TRADE."

THE rise, progress, and present aspect of the Poplin trade of Ireland must possess interest for all who consider the development of Irish manufacturing enterprise as a tangible means for the regeneration of Ireland. Whilst it is not imperative to enter into a disquisition on the general effects on the civilization of the world of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it is necessary to refer to the results of that measure, which indirectly led to the establishment of the Poplin trade of Ireland. When the blind State policy of Louis XIV. demanded that a decree of expulsion should be promulgated against those of his subjects who had suffered persecution for justice' sake, 50,000 of these men—the skilled art-workmen of the land—sought refuge in England, and founded that colony of silk-weavers in Spitalfields in which, even to this day, we find the descendants of those who gave "glory to the Lord of Hosts and King Henry of Navarre." There we hear the names of those men with whom are associated—not to their infamy, but their glory—some of the saddest episodes in the history of France, when religious bigotry and political intolerance bore the mastery over right, and often "turned awry" the most artful counsels of the most wily statesmen. There are still preserved the traditions of the race which, "exiled by fate" from the shores of sunny France, found liberty of thought under the gloomy skies of England. There, even now, there is scarcely a room in which, above the silent loom—the cage often hanging on a wall from which the moist mortar falls in blackened flakes—some little bird does not sing out its cheery notes in saddening contrast to the other sounds which break upon the ear in that dismal region. Outside the diamond-shaped windows, such as one sees across the vineyards on the plains of France, sickly flowers and grimy plants struggle to make their growth. Finding, after a time, that the colony was growing too numerous, and influenced, doubtless, by the opportunities afforded them by the political circumstances of the time, some of the Huguenot exiles made their way over to Dublin, where they set up their looms in the year 1693. Previous to this, silk was very scarce in England. At the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and James IV. of Scotland—we state this to lead up to our subject—one thousand English knights appeared in coitises of silk. Bluff King Hal was compelled to incase his sturdy calves in cloth hose, except when some Spanish courtier sent his Majesty a pair of silk stockings; and even in the time of Edward VI., when Sir Thomas Gresham presented that prince with a similar gift, the event attracted so much attention that, if the *Morning Post* had existed, its occurrence would have been duly recorded in the fashionable column under the magic harp and pipe which attract so many bright eyes every morning over

Belgravian breakfasts. When good Queen Bess had entered on the third year of her reign, one Mrs. Montague presented her with a pair of knit black-silk stockings; and so gratified was the Royal lady with the accession to her hosiery, that she never after condescended to wear any meaner integuments for her nether limbs. James I. endeavoured to extend the cultivation of the silkworm in England, and during his reign some two thousand mulberry trees were planted in Chelsea Park. The Royal pedant shortly after addressed a letter to the American colonists, and urged the Virginia Company to promote the cultivation of mulberry trees and the breeding of silkworms. He advised them to bestow their labours rather on the production of this rich commodity than to the growth of "that pernicious and offensive weed, tobacco." So rapidly had the manufacture of silk progressed in England, that, before the middle of the last century, Keysslar, in his "*Travels through Europe*," remarks, "that at Naples, when a tradesmen would highly recommend his silk stockings, he protests they are right English." Such, in brief, is the story of the rise of the silk trade in England and Ireland, which has found its development in the Poplin manufacture—the only agency by which the manufacture of silk has been perpetuated in the sister island.

Having passed through many changes, most of them certainly not for the better, the trade was placed under the direction of the Royal Dublin Society. An emporium was established in Parliament Street, and a £10 premium was offered "to all manufacturers who would deposit for sale in the warehouse silk goods manufactured in the country after June, 1764." The results effected by this system were those which usually follow such prohibitory conditions—namely, fraud and the prevention of extended enterprise. A spirit of dependence began to prevail amongst men who might have depended upon themselves, and when anything like reverse occurred, they appealed for help to the British Government. The fraud in the case under consideration was committed by the manufacturers depositing the same goods as many times as they could get the premium without detection. In 1765 an oath was prescribed, with a view to prevent the abuse indicated; but nothing resulted from it but increased embarrassment and clamour for relief.

The enunciation of the proposition that luxuries are produced by much misery is trite, and would be superfluous if an opportunity did not arise for its illustration. The part of Dublin in which the weavers live, or used to live, is situated near the grand old cathedral, which has been restored by the patriotic benevolence of one of the greatest benefactors of the city. In "the place, and all around it," may still be heard stories—apocryphal mayhap, but still witty and interesting—illustrating the life of the great Dean of St. Patrick's, and in a far different aspect from that in which it is received by Thackeray. If any one interested in the welfare of the working classes—to use the cant of the period—gave a penny-reading in this neighbourhood, and were bold enough to read the character of Swift as given in the *English Humorists*, it is to be seriously apprehended that this discourse would be punctuated by interruptions more vigorous than those prescribed by grammarians, and the damage done to the furniture could scarcely be repaired by "the money taken at the door." In the Coombe, as the street is called—because it was there, at one time, that wool was "combed" when it was the staple trade of Ireland—is situated the Weavers' Hall, in which the little parliament met to legislate for the trade, which it may be said it did with a reckless indiscretion worthy of a more pretentious assembly. In a niche on the outside stands a full-size statue of George II., in whose reign it was built. In the assembly-room an excellent likeness, in tapestry, of the same patriotic monarch formerly decorated one of the walls. Beneath it was the quaint inscription, significant as showing the foreign origin of the author—

"The workmanship of John Vanheaver,
The famous tapestry weaver."

The present destination of this really excellent work we have not been able to discover, but it is not in the Weavers' Hall. When the trade declined—we should rather say, when the deliberations of the assembly to which we have referred had effected its decline—the building was utilised for a purpose to which buildings are generally devoted when they are available for nothing else—it became a religious meeting-house. Even the cause of Methodism does not seem to have succeeded under the immediate patronage of the second of the Georges; and so the Weavers' Hall fell into decay, until an enterprising ironmonger converted it into a storehouse, in which he has "now on view a choice assortment" of fire-

grates and other cognate works of art. The structure would constitute a melancholy testimony to the destruction of a branch of industry which may almost be called national, if it were not that the trade at present is, if not flourishing, at least prosperous. In the immediate vicinity is the historic locality called by the impressively solemn name of Skinners Alley(!), where the aldermen of Dublin took refuge when threatened with pains and penalties, on account of their religion, by James II. Here and there in this locality houses of many storeys in height, in a state of melancholy ruin, indicate that once upon a time the well-to-do people of Dublin resided in "the Liberty;" but now the character of the residents is indicated by the long poles stretching out from the windows with unsightly burdens of clothes hanging out to dry. The number of refugees who went over from England to Ireland, at the date we have mentioned, was not so considerable that the foreigners should have left any conspicuous marks of their influence on the locality; but still we have a faint reflection of Spitalfields in the bird fanciers' shops we see almost under the shadow of St. Patrick's. Its industrial glory, too, is gone, like that of the corresponding region in London, and one solitary loom is all that is at work within the limits of the locality in which the children of France had laid the foundation of the most elegant branch of modern commerce.

The present aspect of the Poplin trade now claims our attention. *

First in order of Poplin Houses, for reasons to be presently specified, may be placed the firm of O'Reilly, Dunne, & Co., the façade of whose tasteful new premises in College Green adds considerably to the decorative aspect of a junction of noble thoroughfares already rich in architectural ornamentation. Not only has this firm the first claim to our attention on account of its antiquity, but for other reasons, which will be specified forthwith. From the goods of this firm of O'Reilly, Dunne, & Co., her present Majesty selected articles for her wardrobe whilst she was still the Princess Victoria; and the Royal children were so often attired in Irish Poplin that a reduced pattern of the Stuart tartan was arranged for the dresses of the junior members of the Royal family whilst they had their summer home in the Highlands. The appointments which they hold, or have held, constitute an effective testimony to the energy and skill with which they have developed the industry with which the name of their house is associated. In their manufactory, which is situated on Merchants' Quay, nearly directly opposite the Four Courts—of the historic associations connected with which it is unnecessary to say anything, though the temptation is dangerous—the visitor can see most of the processes through which the constituent parts of the fabric pass before they reach the hands of the artistic milliner. One room contains the raw silk, as it is called, and the fine yarn from which the Poplin is constructed. Most of the silk comes from China, which is the most favoured home of the silkworm; and few other countries are largely represented, inasmuch as the manufacturers of Irish Poplin use only the very finest materials. The raw silk is given to the dyer, by whom it is coloured. Most assuredly there is no country in the world in which such exquisitely bright, rich colours can be imparted to material. This may be attributed to several causes: the climate, of course, affects the goods considerably; but the rich, bright, liquid colours of the Irish poplins are said to be produced by the quality of the water used in the process of dyeing.

Beyond doubt, there are few materials so thoroughly becoming to a woman as Irish Poplin. It falls in soft massive folds, and has no disagreeable rustle, but rather that soft *frou frou* about which the French novelist goes into raptures when he describes the gracious movements of his heroine. The brilliant colours are varied and numerous as the tints on a painter's palette, and afford a choice of hues so extended that every complexion may find its most becoming colour. There are tender spring-like greens for the too florid cheek of the matron, turquoise blue for the rose-bloom of girlhood, delicious French greys and pearly shades of every degree for the bride of mature years or the young bride's mother, and a sliding scale of the rubies, amethysts, and maroons which are just now so fashionable; while for those who desire to exhibit their loyalty or nationality, there are tartans of every clan. Of the economy of the fabric it is almost needless to speak. It is alike on both sides, has none of that "up and down" about which dressmakers complain when making up figured silks, and will look bright to the last hour of its wear. For the interests of the manufacturer, Irish Poplins wear too well: they outlast every other material used for ladies' dresses, and are a real boon to the economic. *

Few who saw the Lord of Lorn and his Royal bride will forget the honest enthusiasm by which they were greeted. Even the Cinderella of the British family, poor Ireland, was

let throw a white slipper after "the happy pair," and her saddened eyes grew brighter when she saw that the Princess wore a shining robe which was woven by Irish hands on the banks of the Liffey.* It was not her wedding garment; it was her "going away" dress—the robe in which she passed from amongst the people who had loved her as a maiden and wished her happiness as a wife. Her Royal Highness, by that graceful act, has made still more fervent the aspiration for her happiness from the national heart of Ireland. It is unnecessary in this place to dwell upon the characteristics of the Irish race, but it may be said that there is no people on whom a concession to feeling makes so deep and permanent an impression. Ireland has wafted an earnest prayer for the welfare of the amiable girl whose marriage has made an epoch in the history of England. Erin may be jealous of her Northern sister in taking away one of the best beloved of England's daughters, but her jealousy is neither sordid nor unworthy—it is the child's solicitude for the affection of a mother.—*Reprinted by permission from "Belgravia" Magazine.*

* This dress, we understand, was supplied by O'Reilly, Dunne, & Co.

IRISH POPLINS.

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